

The Public Circle.

A RECORD OF FACTS IN SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

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"How now, Horatio!

Is not this something more than fantasy?"

HAMLET.

No. 1.]

NEW-YORK, MARCH 15, 1855.,

[PRICE 6 CTS.

**ADVERTISEMENT.**—J. B. Conklin, Medium for Spiritual Intercourse, will, on and after the 1st of next Month, hold **FREE PUBLIC CIRCLES** at No. 542 Broadway, New-York, to which the Poor, especially those who are in affliction are earnestly invited. The hours are from 10 to 12, and from 2 to 4 o'clock daily, Saturdays excepted.

## Introduction.

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This little Periodical owes its origin to the wish of some Spirit Friends of the medium, J. B. Conklin, to provide means whereby he should be enabled to devote a large portion of his time to Free Public Circles. "We desire," (so runs the communication made through him to the present Editor,) "that his doors should be thrown open, and the poor hungry Soul enter in, and receive the balm that will heal the wounded spirit, without money and without price. He will be cared for:—the great cause of Truth will march on with greater rapidity:—his own soul will grow in truth; and his mediatorial power be stronger. Think of it! We ask for thy aid:—we ask it on behalf of Heaven and hungering humanity."—

Continuing the subject on a following occasion, it was said:—

"We desire to see the cause marching onward, and as it marches on, carrying at its utmost peak the Broad Banner of 'TRUTH IS FREE!' * * * 'Men's minds, as they have gradually been unfolded, in spite of all that Theologians and Priest-craft have done to confine them, have naturally become sceptical; and they have been looking for some-

thing more tangible. They are not satisfied with the theories and opinions of others;—they are no longer content with the *savour* of food;—they want the *substance*.

"Now we'll make a suggestion, which will be advantageous to the Medium, and more of a recompense for the few gratuitous hours which he may give to the poor seeking souls than he is aware of. It is that he keep a record of facts, precisely as they occur at his table; and at the expiration of each month, have them put in regular form, with a brief comment to each, as may be given by impression to thee; and circulated everywhere, at a small compensation, say six cents a number. Men will read *facts*, and it will instil within their minds a desire for personal investigation; especially when they find that that investigation can be obtained upon the same principle that they can inhale the air they breathe,——**FREE!**"

It will be apparent from the foregoing explanation, that the aim of this little periodical is a truthful narration of facts, not the discussion of theories. The various speculations which from time to time, seek to ally themselves to the new Spiritual Philosophy, are ably and fearlessly discussed in journals already established; and deservedly enjoying a high repute and a wide circulation. To these the controversialist is referred.

The outlay in this enterprise is limited to the cost of the paper and the actual expenses of printing and distribution—the net receipts, after paying those charges, will be devoted to the purposes for which it is undertaken.

The Public Circle.

30TH SEPT., 1854.

A Visitor enquired if any spirit friend of his was present. Answer, by tipping the table three times, "Yes." Several names were written on separate papers, but none was acknowledged as the right one. The usual signal for the alphabet was then given, and the following communication was made:

"I have much, my dear Brother, to say to you. I want you to search deeply and carefully into these Heavenly phenomena. It is a truth being revealed to mankind direct from the Fountain of all Truth. You will find in it that which will rid your mind of all the terrible ideas of death,—and cause you to pass the rest of your days with the happy knowledge of

Your sister

ELIZABETH."

Nothing further could be obtained by the enquirer during the evening; but on a subsequent evening he called again, and sitting apart from the circle, asked, *mentally*, if his sister would continue the communication.—The medium's hand was moved to write as follows:—

"A future life of Love and Progress! My dear Brother, I am glad to find in your mind a desire to investigate. You have those here who are anxious to give you what you wish, and who desire a private interview.

Your sister

ELIZABETH ———."

The sur-name was given on this occasion, but, without the special permission of the individual addressed, it cannot be published.

Question.—"Will my sister tell her age at the time of her death?"

Answer.—(by tipping the table) 23.

Ques.—How long have you been in the spirit world?

Ans.—27 years."

These answers were correct,—and the visitor departed, having arranged for a private interview with his sister on the 11th Oct.

Oct. 8.—Three ladies, (strangers) present. The first, on enquiring for a spirit friend, was answered that none was *then* present. One of the others then asked some questions, when

the medium's hand was suddenly moved to write,—“Mother, wasn't I seven years old when I died? Uncle Edward says I was only four. Emma.” This was the first lady, who said that she had lost a little daughter *three* years ago, who was then four years old, and would now have been seven:—also that she had a brother Edward in the spirit-world.

Oct. 11.—The visitor mentioned under date 30th September, called by appointment, when the following dialogue took place,—the questions being put mentally:—

Ques.—"Does my dear sister remember where we met, and parted, for the last time?"

Ans.—Yes.

Ques.—Was it at Nashville?

Ans.—No. At Lexington? No. At Nashport? No. Between the two last places, on the road? Yes. Are you happy in the spirit-land? All spirits are happy in their condition, my dear Brother; my spirit is in the enjoyment of all the happiness which it is capable of receiving.

ELIZABETH."

Ques.—"Do you meet with our father and mother?"

Ans.—We are all together, my dear Brother. E.

Ques.—My brother Edward is no doubt with you?

Ans.—Yes.

Ques.—Can you give me any information that would be for my good in this world?

Ans.—I can, my dear Brother. Study these beautiful manifestations, and avoid all that will tend to bind your mind. Let your soul be free to receive truth in its simplicity. This manner of conversing with Heaven's inhabitants is as yet in its infancy. Strive to live a life of *charity*; and let the inward monitor guide you in all your daily walks,—and live in no dread of the future. I will, when I can, converse with you at home. *All* can be mediums.

Your Brother

EDWARD."

Ques.—"Can my dear mother communicate with me?"

Ans.—Not at this sitting; she will on some other occasion.

Ques.—On what day and year did my mother leave this earth?

Ans.—21st May, 1825.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF AN ENQUIRER.

NOTE.—Permission has been obtained to publish the communications which will appear under this title; but not the name of the recipient. He, while ready, on every fitting occasion to avow his convictions, is adverse to obtruding his personality where it is not needed to substantiate a statement, and where it could only minister to a profitless curiosity.

During a private sitting with Mr. Conklin, my thoughts were occupied by the subject of earthly friendships, and their probable continuance hereafter. In relation to some of these, and in answer to a mental question, it was written:

"Our *body* dies—and with it, *often*, our remembrance."

After a pause, came the following:

"I have a great deal to say. The same love that existed while I was on Earth, still exists; only with a tenfold stronger tie. I am with you in your earth-life, and watch over your interests with an angel's care. I have tried to impress my presence upon you, and have often thought I succeeded. Whenever I could cheer up your desponding hours, I have endeavored to send my presence into the interior."

[No signature.]

Q.—"Who is the writer?"

A.—I speak to the *soul*; the *name* is nothing."

Here the medium's hand wrote:

"To the believer the grave presents no terrors; but is held only as the grand entrance from Earth to Heaven! So let it be with you.

A. C."

Q.—"Who is A. C.?"

No answer.

Enquirer.—"I know no such person. Are not the initials P. C.?"

A.—No.

Medium.—Will the name be recognized soon?

A.—Yes."

In about ten minutes, the initials were recognized accordingly.

Spirits do not always come as they are called. On this occasion the medium's hand was controlled to write as follows—by an in-

fluence wholly foreign to the reflections of the enquirer:

"Angels, my dear child, whose brightness outshines the material sun, are your interior companions; and one, especially, attends your daily walks, and fain would enter and become known to your external as well as interior perceptions. You will soon be able to hold communion with Spirits. You are advancing. The time is near at hand when messages from Heaven to Earth will be conveyed through you; and then, the glorious and beautiful prospects of the invisible state can be realised by yourself. I am with you; and have, as I have said before, a little cherub whom I am teaching how to communicate.

Your grandmother,

A."

"Long, very long have I desired to speak with you in this way. Dearly as your aspiring soul has desired to commune; in return, I have echoed words of love and comfort to your heart. I am now a happy, happy spirit! I live in a beautiful, gracious mansion, surrounded by myriads of happy beings, whose constant cares and objects are, to teach those inferior to themselves. Here, we cease from trouble! here, the weary soul is at rest! Oh, that you could have but one glimpse of this most magnificent state—the spirits' eternal abode.

"Spirits rejoiced in the hour when the grosser manifestations were made to Earth's inhabitants—knowing that the majority *lived on the surface*; but to the refined and elevated soul they are repugnant. Those who know and realise the blessings of soul-room, need no external demonstrations to prove the Spirit present. Happy am I, to find your mind too big to be shackled. You are my only care on Earth—not that I love God's creatures less—but Earthly cares and earthly affections, we bring with us here."

This communication was signed "Elizabeth," which name awakened no distinct recollection in my mind. The medium's hand wrote:

"My son—The Spirit who wrote to you is your Spirit Companion: a guardian angel who watches over, and was drawn to you, by interior attractions.

A."

Q.—“Did we ever meet on earth?”

A.—Yes.

Q.—Was your personal sympathy then manifested?

A.—No.”

A pause ensued, when the following was written by the Medium's hand:

“Toil on, my friend, toil on! and in the end you will reach the summit of great thoughts in Heaven. That which, to you, *now* appears strange and incomprehensible, will soon be felt, not in vain dreams that fade; but realised and comprehended by the soul.

ROBERT DOUGLAS.”

Seated one evening with the Medium alone, his hand was moved to write the following communication, harmonizing with the reflections which were passing through my mind:

“Sweet hope of futurity, how I love to meditate upon thy certainty! How like the gentle zephyr it wafts my spirit Heavenward! How with the rays of thy light, my soul is illuminated! No longer does my spirit fear the ushering in of immortality. My soul longs to be free, and soar away to the regions of bliss!

“Does not, my Son, this sweet and consoling truth of nature beam upon thy spirit, and cause thy heart to rejoice in the happy expectation of one day enjoying that sweet and lasting happiness that awaits the spirit? Why, yea,! Thy darling desire is knowledge, and thy grasping soul shall be filled. I have been drawn to thee; and as long as thy sphere is mine, I will instruct thee. Much, very much can be learned of the future, while one is yet an inhabitant of the body.

“Farewell, for the present. From thy friend, and well-wisher in the spirit-land.

GEORGE FOX.”

I thought of the “Spirit-Guide,” and desired another communication—the Medium, however, wrote:

“My dear father, I am here, and am happy that I can speak. There are angels, bright and shining angels, that converse with you. My name is child of

INNOCENCE.”

The Medium and I were seated as usual—my mind disturbed by the day's experiences, and without any definite purpose in seeking communications. It was written:

“Untrammelled thoughts ascend beyond Earth's sphere, and reach the highest summit! Seek on, as those that love truth will seek; and the ultimate will reveal unfading realities.

ELIZABETH.”

After a pause the Medium wrote:

“My son, a little cherub, bright as the glories of the celestial sphere, attends thy walks, and whispers in thy heart, ‘father!’ That little bud, which for a season bloomed on Earth, now blooms sweetly in a land, where no sorrow, care or pain is known; but where all is love, joy, and peace!

A.”

“My son, again from the realms of bliss I greet you! Earth's language is inadequate to convey the beauty of the spirit-home. Our state is delightful. Our happiness *is increased in proportion as we are capable of receiving*. Oh, that the veil could for one moment be removed, that your spirit might take one glimpse of the home that awaits you. Your spirit, like an uncaged bird would delight to fly away into the regions of eternal happiness.” [The communication was here suddenly broken off by the entrance of several visitors—with a hurried addition of “more—alone.”

A.”

One peculiarity of these communications, from a grandmother, lies in their being wholly gratuitous. The spirit from whom they purport to come, being one who bore to the person addressed no kindly relationship, while she was in the form,—and from whom he neither expected nor desired to hear. They were continued as follows:

“In order, my son, to hasten your development, I find that you must be more *hopeful*. You soon, very soon, will have your powers, as a communionist, unfolded. *That which elevates and opens the internal is not necessarily compelled to first pass through physical excitements.*

A.”

Soon afterwards, with pertinent reference to a train of thought:

"Shadows of the future have already descended, and you have *in part* comprehended. That which draws me to you, will soon appear comprehensible: and until then—suffice it!

A."

A gentle movement of the table called for the alphabet, when the following was spelled out:

"My Father! I am with Grandmama. She has taught me how to write. I love my earthly Father. I will often speak from the spirit-world in echoing words. My spirit name is INNOCENCE."

At a circle, with Mr. Conklin as Medium, the following was given to a member:

"We are happy to witness thy progress, my dear friend. Thou art the recipient of important truths daily. Thy soul *** is alive to progress. Assist us to talk of life to those whose souls are *half asleep*. Teach those living-dead men the necessity of freeing their minds from all that binds them to the low imperfect ideas, cultivated and instilled into them by early teaching. Be firm and strong:—we will linger near, and when thy soul lacketh, we will support. Yet a little longer and thy soul will understand fully. I will speak at length some other time.

GEORGE FOX."

On a subsequent occasion the communication was continued:

"As a communionist, thy advancement is rapid. I promised thee that I would speak further on some other occasion. We are all happy to witness thy progress. We will continue to assist thee in thy searches. Persevere, and thy utmost expectations will be granted. Assist us to help the prisoners to burst from their body's grasp, their spirit-trance; so that the souls of those that are now in fetters can have air. For your labor *be content to receive your reward here*.

GEORGE FOX."

Alone with the Medium. The following unexpected communication was received:

"Gladly do I meet you on this occasion, and find you still a recipient of truth. Elevated to the position which your spirit occupies; surrounded by a host of angelic beings

—be inspired with that laudable emulation to excel, not only in those duties which you are called upon to perform for your own advancement, but also in all your *effulgence*. Let your deportment be such, as will not cause a spot or blemish to be found on any of your departments of life. Strive to *exceed* your expectations; and you will be supported by that power which never fails, and which is as lasting as the hills of the rudimental Earth! You will soon be called to fill a very important mission. You will receive directions as you need. Your progress is rapid, very rapid; and it is pleasant for us to find that *your comprehension expands as your perceptions penetrate*. Soon will there be a mighty revolution, which will eradicate from all minds those groundless and superstitious errors, which have long been rooted within the minds of men; and that glorious and happy period is fast drawing near, when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, when every man can worship Nature and Nature's God with a full understanding.

D. WEBSTER."

A moment's pause, and then came the following:

"Again I approach, and with the language of Earth record my wishes. How pleasant it is for mortals and spirits to commune together in unity! The very atmosphere of Earth is becoming spiritualized; and the blessed influences of truth are pervading the land. Then look, and understand! the morning of the new dispensation has already begun, and the hour of life commenced its course. I am with you, and often whisper in your soul "*Hope*." I am delighted when I can look through the windows of your interior and see that your internal enlarges.

Your spirit-friend,

ELIZABETH."

On this occasion the Medium, and I, had sat for some moments without any movement of the table, or other manifestation. He observed: "It is very singular, it is not, that the spirits don't manifest themselves?" "Wait a little," I said, to allay his impatience." Soon after his hand was moved to write the following reproof:

"Not at all singular, when they, or we, are constantly here, and impress you both. Why do you not give heed to your impressions? They are reliable, and will lead your thoughts upwards, and enable you to feast your soul daily with the angelic beings. Who can hesitate to receive the impressions, or appreciate Spirit-communion. Spirits are to your seeking mind revealing the bright star which has scarcely yet filled its horizon, and will soon shine into your inmost soul, and then you will be able to understand, and discriminate more closely between that which emanates from self, and that whose source is in disembodied spirits."

After a pause,—

"Your mission will be explained: if you will retire this evening, alone, and concentrate your thoughts on D. Webster, you will have such evidence of foreign influences as will enable you to comprehend. You may think it strange, that one who had no personal acquaintance with you, should have so much love as I have; but my friend, in Heaven we know no inferior love. We seek such persons as we can best influence for our purpose,—and our purpose ever is to give life and peace to all mankind. Spirits desire to use you mentally,—and I, being in strong sympathy with you, can better control than others.

D. W."

Another pause; when it was written:—

"This great question is now agitating the minds of the people, and the laborers are increasing. We desire that you should give yourself up to spiritual influences,—that is, all your leisure moments,—and we will use you in such a manner, that the new song which we will put into your mouth, shall sweetly echo throughout your land.

D. W."

And then,—

"I will speak to you through the Medium soon—and through your own interior, to-night.

D. W."

I sat in the evening as suggested; but although in pondering the subject of intermediate influences, by which God appears to regulate, in due graduation, the great scheme of the universe, my thoughts seemed to flow with unusual

clearness and vigor; there was nothing in the process, as in any mental affection, that seemed clearly to indicate a foreign agent.

To follow a chronological order, without giving dates;—On several evenings following the foregoing communications, I had sat at my table for short periods; endeavoring to induce a receptive condition, of which foreign agencies might profit in order to manifest themselves. On one occasion, my hand and arm were slowly raised, the former placed on my head and thence moved downwards over the face, as in the act of magnetising. But I could not satisfy myself, afterwards, how far this action was self-induced, although unconscious of any preceeding desire or will to perform it.

On one of these evenings I held a pencil with the point resting on some writing paper, when it was moved to write:—

"My dear friend,—Rest assured that I am always with you, and"—[here the sentence was broken off.]

On a subsequent occasion the same experiment produced:—

"My dear friend,—Let me once more speak to you. Your motives are not"—[another incomplete sentence.]

Soon afterwards, another trial elicited the following:—

"You must sit in Circles. *Submission* is necessary to your development.

D. W."

Seek out companions"—[and then followed some illegible words;] after which the following was written:—

"Rome was not more the mistress of the world, than an honest mind is mistress of the animal body.

D. W."

It has been said above, that "the hand was moved to write," but as in the instance of the magnetic passes, previously alluded to, it remained doubtful whether a foreign agent was at work, or the whole attributable to a reflex action of the mind, prompting and guiding the fingers. It should be noted, however, that the words last written make rather a louder sound than those I usually venture to employ.

Flowers of Thought

AND

Fruits of Experience.

BEAUTY AND UTILITY.

"Under every aspect, Nature is beautiful,—whether she appeals to our senses in garden flowers, the shells of the ocean, rocks teeming with the organic remains of former ages, the air we breathe, or the water we drink;—indeed, wherever we search, or wander in fancy, we are surrounded by beauty in endless profusion. But beneath this abundance of ornament, we always find a wise utility. The most glowing colors are but garments upon objects for which there are special uses and duties, so that ornament and utility always go hand in hand to the rich cadence of immortal music. They are the spirit and body of visible creation, co-existent and inseparable. And man, whether guided by his instincts, or conducted by his judgment, has seized upon this glorious combination, and adapted it to his necessities and aspirations. The lowest savage has some portion of his nature steeped in this pure fountain of Castaly. However depressed may be his condition, his senses are not closed against the perfume which the lily sends forth upon the air, the warbling of birds, the voice of love, or the solemn majesty of the dense forest. He perceives a utility in the richness and luxuriance of the vegetation around him; and the knowledge, thus instinctively gained, gives a coloring and a poetry to the realities of his stern and rude life. So that even in the language of Nature, we find the useful blended with the beautiful. The combination, therefore, may appropriately be said to be a universal law, to which all things animate and inanimate, yield a cheerful obedience.

"But it is in human beings, endowed with thought, that we must search for its loftier appreciation. Nature is its most exquisite expositor; but it is for man to apply it as best he may, to the improvement of his own condition; and well, it must be allowed, has man hitherto performed this special duty.

"In all the forms, adopted according to climate and resources, and which afterwards

swelled into the stately buildings of antiquity, the temples of the Egyptians and Greeks, the gorgeous palaces of Eastern kings, and the superb creations of art which have shed glory on every period of civilization, we find a fond fidelity to the earliest type—the combination of the useful and the beautiful, taught by nature, is preserved throughout them all. And if we travel into the other departments of human creative capacity and conduct, the same manifestation is to be observed.

"As society advances from primitive to more experienced conditions, a love of ornament entered into every domestic and social relation. The law of nature, to which we have referred, was elevated into a sentiment. In dress we find styles, originally copied from the drapery of nature, so elaborated by ornament, that the eye, which first rested on them in wonder and delight, became so accustomed to their presence, that they were elevated from the rank of a luxury to that of a graceful necessity. And the same rule will be found in every stage of progress, as exemplified by the denominial phrase—civilization. The adornment of the body preceded the adornment of the mind—and the latter gathered flowers before it took unto itself the faculty of invention.

"Music and poetry are under the control of the same law—they both require elaboration. Breadth and depth is not sufficient—they require the sentiment which they obtain from ornament. A simple ballad is very pretty, but an elaborate piece of music by Handel or Beethoven is grand—because it has larger dimensions and proportionate allowance of adornment. To poetry, ornament is life itself. Take an example. *Comus* says of musical notes:

How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of Silence, through the empty-vaulted night:
At ev'ry fall smoothing the raven down
Of Darkness, till it smiled.

"Take away the images in this passage, and its beauty has departed. Still it does not breathe of exaggeration—but, falling sweetly on the ear, affords us a pleasing and soothing, as well as grand idea of the power of music. The kindred art of painting would also be nothing without ornament. Sculpture, being more rigid in its rules, does not insist upon it

to such an extent; but neither sculpture nor painting can do without the active influence of the principle. Each insists upon ornament, which comes out in delicate touches, in graceful finish, in that expression and sentiment which only he who has a mind that can seize upon beauty of form as by inspiration is able to transfer, instinct with life, at once to the canvas or the marble. So that the natural and cultivated taste for the ornamental is the parent of all the arts; it started civilization in its race, and must accompany it to the end. And we would have it encouraged and stimulated until it became a part of the being of all of us. Let us, therefore, continue to delight in fine dress, in pictures, in statuary, in music, in poetry: all of them have been dipped in the sparkling fount of immortal beauty; and, while appealing to our souls, clothe our instincts and propensities in the sober livery of an utility that teaches us to economize our existences. Let a love of ornament mingle with our forms of speech, and the natural law by which it is governed will speedily banish those expletives in familiar use which, when not ridiculous, are coarse and offensive. Our inner and purer life wants elbow-room—it wants bringing nearer to the surface, so as to render our daily conduct better, and more characteristic of the divinity that stirs within us, than a large—a very large—portion of it is at present.”—*London Journal*.”

“As the human mind, by the perverseness of its will, and the consequent separation of its affections from God, has the power of converting good into evil, (since every good becomes an evil, when possessed in a state of separation from its Divine Author,) so it has the power likewise, by the purification of its will, and its consequent conjoining with God, to convert all evil into good, since every evil becomes a good, when it is submitted to God; inasmuch as it tends to turn the soul with more earnestness to cleave to the Divine power and protection.”—*Clowes*.

“A RIVER, which has no banks, ceases to be a river; because it has nothing to direct its course to its proper end, and to prevent the dissipation of its waters. In like manner truth, if it be not kept within the limits of good, which are its banks, ceases to be truth;

having no end for the direction of its course, and no boundaries to prevent the dissipation of its stream.”—*Clowes*.

THE IDEAL AND THE REAL.

“Alas! we know that ideals can never be completely embodied in practice. Ideals must ever lie a great way off—and we will thankfully content ourselves with any not intolerable approximation thereto. Let no man, as Schiller says, too quereulously ‘measure by a scale of perfection the meagre product of reality’ in this poor world of ours. We will esteem him no wise man; we will esteem him a sickly, discontented, foolish man. And yet, on the other hand, it is never to be forgotten that ideals do exist; that if they be not approximated to at all, the whole matter goes to wreck,—infallibly. No bricklayer builds a wall perfectly perpendicular—mathematically! this is not possible: a certain degree of perpendicularity suffices him; and he, like a good bricklayer, who must have done with his job, leaves it so. And yet, if he sway too much from the perpendicular—above all, if he throw plummet and level quite away from him, and pile brick on brick heedlessly just as it comes to hand—such bricklayer, I think, is in a bad way. He has forgotten himself; but the law of gravitation does not forget to act on him; and he and his wall rush down into a confused welter of ruins!”—*Carlyle*.

“DIALECTS OF BIRDS.—I believe there is a dialect in the song of birds. The song, for example, of a thrush, near London, or in any of the home counties, has little resemblance, except in tone and specific character, to that of the same bird in Devonshire, or near Exeter. The same notes, I suppose, will all of them be detected, but they are arranged for the most part in a different tune, and are not sung in the same way. They are given with different values, and the singing is pitched in a different key. One great distinction between the two cases is the number of guttural notes of which the song of the Devonshire thrush is often made up—but which, near London, heard only at the end of a bar, or even much less frequently; while those chief notes which mainly constitute the song of the other bird, and make it so impressive, are rarely pronounced by the Devonshire thrush.”—*Jesse’s Country Life*.

Enquirer—I invite you, my dear Brother Edward, to converse with me at home.

Ans.—Yes."

To another Stranger.

"My dear Father—I am come here to send you a welcome from beyond the portals of the tomb! The grave, my dear Father, need no longer be thought of with dread; the spirit still lives, and retains its individuality in a happy, progressive state. Study this new philosophy: it will give you a new and tangible realization of the future. I am happy, and often make you feel the presence of a departed son, by impression.

Your son,

V. M."

The recipient of the foregoing communication, which was spontaneously given, at once recognised the initials of a son for whose "death" he had mourned; and was much moved by it.

Oct. 13.—A visitor who permits his name to be given (Mr. J. A. S. Tuttle,) wrote successively on twenty-five separate pieces of paper:—5 titles of relationship, 5 names, 5 names of places, 5 ages, and 5 names of fatal diseases; one from each was selected and on comparison were found to correctly indicate the enquirer's father.

The following conversation then followed:—

"Will my father instruct me in knowledge and goodness if I seek him by these means? Yes.

Have you progressed in the knowledge of God since you entered the spirit world?

Yes.

Are your affinities stronger, in some instances, for those not connected with you by ties of consanguinity?

Yes.

Are you in the society of your mother whom you loved so well?

Yes.

Will it be profitable for me to pursue these investigations?

Yes.

Can I become a medium?

Yes.

A *healing* medium?

Yes.

Ques.—Will my father write?

Ans.—Grandfather says he can't write as he wishes just now, my Dear Father:—I am here and happy.

SARAH MARIA."

It will be seen that the last answer was wholly unexpected; and was therefore more satisfactory as evidence of independent spiritual agency. Some one present asked, in a jesting tone—

"Is there such a gentleman as the devil in your parts?"

Ans.—(Written by the medium's hand.)—

"Friend—we find no such being here; he only exists in the imagination of mortals clothed in mortality. Thou hast those here who are anxious to converse with thee, but cannot now. Let thy heart go out after truth, with a *desire to find it*, and the simple table will reveal to thee that which will cause thee to look at the future with joy. I will meet thee here on any other occasion, and will aid thy friends to give thee evidence."

[No signature.]

The following communication was spontaneously addressed to a gentleman who had been much perplexed by contradictory evidence in the course of his enquiries:—

"A steady uniform course in your investigations will ultimately lead you to the place where the surrounding horizon will be seen without a speck. In all your enquiries of spirits, receive that which is digestible. Ever let the guide which nature has implanted, decide for you. That you are a medium, do not doubt, both for physical and mental manifestations; though, as yet, your development is in its infancy. Be passive, and in your seeking sittings you will soon enable those who move in sympathy with you to use your mind at will. Give your passive moments to your daughter: she is at present in stronger affinity than others. The sympathy is so strong, that it prevents her from conversing through any other medium than yourself. Your ideas of the phenomena are good enough for your present progress. As you increase in age, you will have new truths presented for you to analyse. In the meantime rest assured that your thoughts are in part controlled by spirits.

G."

Oct. 14.—A name, an age, a title of relationship, and a fatal disease, were severally selected; each one from 9 papers rolled up into pellets.

Before opening the papers chosen, it was asked,—“Will the spirit whose name, age, &c., are given on these papers write, and sign his or her name?”

The medium's hand immediately wrote.—

“Yes, my son, I do so with pleasure. I am your father. I have much to communicate to you. I am happy—ask questions.

Z. L.”

Question.—“Are your initials the same as those on the paper chosen?”

Ans.—Yes.”

Ques.—Shall I open them?

Ans.—Yes.

The papers were opened, and were found correct in all particulars.

Q.—“Has my father anything more to say?”

A.—Not now.”

A stranger here enquired,—

“Have I any friend in the spirit world?”

A.—Yes.”

Names, ages, &c., were written and the enquirer pointed to each in succession. The figures 10 were affirmed as the age.

Q.—“Do you mean 10 years?”

A.—No. Q.—Days? A.—No. Weeks? No. Months? Yes.”

The following was then spelled out, by calling the alphabet:—

“Dear Father,

I am growing: I am happy: I am here with Aunt Sarah.

JOHN.”

Q.—“Who is Aunt Sarah?”

A.—(Written with the medium's hand)—

“My dear Brother, I am your sister. I have your little Johnny under my guardian care—I am teaching him to converse—we are all pleased to meet you, where we can tell you that we still live and love you.

Your sister

SARAH.”

The enquirer here acknowledged that the answers had been correctly given.

A visitor, sitting apart from the circle, asked, *mentally*,—“Will not my parents, mother or father, send me one word to console me? I

wish my mother could write me her last words.” The medium's hand wrote,—

“My dear child—I cannot gratify you by repeating my last words; I will, if possible, some time when conditions will admit me.

Your mother

ELIZA.”

Another visitor asked a question, mentally, and received for answer,—“I cannot answer your question. *Can you tell me if he got his money?*” The enquirer said that the answer contained the very words of his own question.

Oct. 15.—A visitor having proposed the usual tests with a satisfactory result, asked for a written communication. One was immediately given, signed “Your Mother—Lucy.” This name was not that of his mother and he enquired,—

Q.—“Is this from my mother?”

A.—Yes.

Q.—But that is not her name?”

After some further questions the enquirer was informed that his own daughter Lucy had written for her grandmother, who could not write for herself. It appeared that he had a daughter Lucy, and that his mother who had gone to the spirit-world but a few days previously, aged 83, had not touched a pen for 30 years.

Oct. 22.—A visitor having put the usual test questions, asked,—

“Can the spirit write?”

Ans.—“Dear Mother,—I have learned how to talk; I am happy with my Grandfather and Grandmother; I have made gentle sounds on your pillow, and have laid my head on your bosom, to try to tell you I am not dead.

JOHN.”

The husband of the last enquirer, being present, asked,—

“Will our son tell us the name of his grandmother?”

Ans.—By writing: “My son, I have aided your little boy to speak—I am delighted with his progress—I have had the care of him; and will teach him to know that his father and mother will soon understand his spirit language. I am happy to meet you here, my son, investigating this glorious truth. Study

its so-called "Mysteries; you will find it all natural."

Your mother

ABAH.

Q.—"Will my mother tell me her age?"

A.—(By tipping the table) 42.

Q.—It should be 46.

A.—No, 42."

Another visitor asked:

"Have I a friend present?"

A.—(By writing.) "My dear son I want to converse with you. I am here, and happy to respond to your questions. I and your brother have joined forces to write this.

Your grandfather

STEPHEN."

Later in the evening, the medium's hand suddenly wrote to the same enquirer: "My dear brother—I have at last succeeded to control—I am happy.

NATHAN."

Q.—"Will my brother tell me the last words he spoke, while in the body?"

A.—I have forgotten what I did say on that occasion."

Oct. 23.—A sealed letter was on this day delivered to the medium, to be answered before it was opened. The following communication was received:

"It is true, my dear child, that Earth and Heaven are in communion with one another, and it is also true, dearest daughter, that I know your mind dwells much on your dear departed father. You have those in heaven, dear child, that care for and love you with an unselfish love. Live, my dear child, in strict accordance with your own inward teacher. Listen not to the doctrines of any that tell you that the future is not a happy place. There is no place so miserable as your earth—yet there are conditions, or states, here, where the sinning soul atones for earthly crimes. I cannot now explain it to you, but will, some time, through this medium. Use your means in making yourself and others happy. I cannot condemn any. I hope the trustees will do right with you. I ever loved you my child. I made the will with different feelings from what I have now. Do right, and I am satisfied. Your mother, and my dear mother, are with me. Sarah R. A. will

communicate with you some other time. I am ever with you,

Your father

STEPHEN."

The answer was handed to the writer of the letter, who then permitted the letter to be opened and a copy to be taken for publication, and for comparison with the answer. It was as follows:

"My Dear Father,

I am informed by others on this earth that I can communicate with you by writing; and that in the Spirit World there is an affinity of mind with those here on earth. My dearest father knows well how much I dwell on him: he knows what heavy sorrow I have had in consequence of the melancholy death he had: tears of anguish have been brought from my heart for his loss. My dear father knows, on earth I have none besides who feel interested for me. The exalted situation they are placed in occupies their minds: they have their own families to attend to. Now, will not the spirit of this dear father communicate with me, by answering the letter through this medium, Mr. Conklin, and advise me as to my future stay on this earth, as respects the best means to use the income he has left for me? And, dear father, tell me if that is the *first* will? if the trustees are acting honestly and truly towards me? Have they given me all that belongs to me? Dear father, will you that inhabit the spiritual world, tell me what influenced you in making this will? Was it prejudice? Did you feel that I was unworthy of your regard? Did you forgive me before you died? Has everything been done according to your wishes? If not, can I do anything to help myself? Will my beloved father tell me about this spiritualism? Are you happy in the sphere you are in? Is my dear mother with you, and is your dear mother—is she, too, there with you? My sister Sarah, is she with you—Sarah R * * * A * * * is she there with you? Dearly beloved father will you answer this, and sign your name to the message you send, that I may know for a certainty, it is *you* that are communicating with me?

Truly, your loving daughter,

E. A. W."

Sept. 27.—The Parents of a bright and beautiful little boy who had recently been taken to the spirit world, formed this evening, a circle at their own house, with two of their nearest relatives, and Mr. Conklin, for the purpose of gaining some tidings of the lost one.

For some time the communications received were incoherent and unsatisfactory; and one of the circle was induced to enquire the cause. Beginning with himself, and naming those present, successively, he asked who it was whose condition exercised an unfavorable influence. The medium, himself, was indicated, and the reason assigned—his *over anxiety* to obtain manifestations. This exercise of his own will-power rendered him, for the time, ungovernable by spirit influence.

After a short pause the medium's hand wrote as follows:

"Friends! the medium is too anxious to gratify. I have the power to write, though but a few days here, because I do not have to contend with that which *your* friends do. I never knew you nor the medium. You can find out who I am, if you choose. I lived, and left the form at 93 C * * * * street, (New York) a few days since. I have been attracted here by sympathy. I thank you, the medium, and my God, for this privilege.

J. H. H * * * *

The name was given in full, and was one which no one in the circle recognised. It was then asked:

Q.—"Were you married or single?"

A.—Married.

Q.—Did you have any children, when in the form?

A.—Yes.

Q.—How many?

A.—Four.

Q.—What was your age when you left the form?

A.—Fifty-three years.

Q.—Do your wife and children still live at 93 C * * * street?

A.—Yes.

Q.—When did you leave the form?

A.—Eleven o'clock on Saturday night.

Q.—When was your body buried?

A.—On Tuesday.

Q.—Do you wish us to communicate with your family?

A.—Yes."

Here this curious and unexpected conversation ended, and the circle proceeded with other enquiries. On the following day one of its members called at the house which had been mentioned and received confirmation of all the particulars given by the spirit, except the time of its leaving the body. Mrs. H. said that her husband appeared, about the time specified, to be in a kind of trance; but that death, apparently, did not take place until some hours later.

At a private circle held at 542 Broadway, a young girl was entranced, and after some futile attempts to speak, motioned for a pencil and paper, and wrote:

"I cannot control to speak.

D. WEBSTER."

A wish was generally expressed for some communication by writing, when the following was given:

"I am happy, and came here to-night to teach you how to be happy too. Try to develop your spirit in *your* world; so that you may be prepared for a high state of happiness here.

D. WEBSTER."

Soon afterwards:

"Propound your questions; I will try to answer them:" (then observing a general eagerness to speak) "one at a time, if you please."

A member of the circle enquired in general terms what could be done to promote spiritual development. It was answered:

"Feed constantly on spiritual food; *and do not forget to digest all you swallow*. You have every advantage; the tables are all spread;—put forth your hand, and take, and eat!"

A desire was expressed that the spiritual status or rank of each member of the circle, should be indicated by the spirit. It was prudently answered,—

"You are *all* doing well,—although you do not all move in the same sphere."

Some one present requested precise information regarding what was meant by circles, in the spirit world. The reply was the question

"Can you give me a correct idea of the circles of society in your own world?"

D. W."

And to an observation regarding the existence of social distinctions in the next sphere, it was replied,—

"Knowledge, not riches, is the criterion."

A member anxiously enquired how he could receive more light on the subject of spiritual phenomena.

"If you will sit, passively, alone, my friend, and let your spirit friends do all *they* can,—that is all *you* can do."

To some desultory enquiries regarding mediumship, it was answered:—

"It is perfectly natural,—spirits take advantage of every favorable condition. Sometimes it" (meaning the communication) "is not unmixed with the Medium's thoughts."

Some one enquired if social organizations were conducive to spiritual progress:—

"If there be perfect harmony it will do."

What, it was asked, is the cause that some persons often witnessing spiritual manifestations, stop short in their enquiries, and go no further?

Ans.—Pride.

Then, said one, what is the cause of the bitter opposition of sectarians to the new manifestations,—and their determined resistance to evidence?

Ans.—Ignorance!

Some one enquired: Do we carry our evil passions with us to the next life?

Ans.—We may carry them with us; but we lose all desire to indulge them.

A doubt was expressed of the expediency of urging evidence on unbelievers,—and it was held that over zealous propagandism was prejudicial to the cause of truth. It was written in reply,—

"Give every one evidence for himself, and let him be guarded by his reason, which our own Heavenly Father has given to all."

"If Sceptics call us 'devils,' let them *prove* that *our teachings are devilish*!"

Have you, it was asked, any churches in the spirit world?

Ans.—We worship, each one as he likes best. We sing, as you do, for our own amusement.

How do you make progress in the spirit world?

Ans.—By doing well our tasks appointed us, and learning our lessons perfectly!

Wonder was expressed that communications were so uncertain, and often withheld when enquirers were most anxious to receive them.

Ans.—Oftimes the anxiety repels them.—We are governed by fixed laws: you cannot, at present, understand the nature of them.

Your world is governed by laws,—is it not?

To a question regarding other worlds, the answer was:—

"They are countless!—On some of the planets they are far beyond you. *Their* departed friends can assume forms, and converse face to face."

Can we, asked a member, depend on *all* we receive from the spirit world?

Ans.—WE ARE NOT GODS!

To a question regarding a mysterious package which no one present acknowledged to have brought into the room,—it was answered:—

"I was witnessing the conversation between spirit and mortal on the planet Jupiter, before I came here: that is the reason I know nothing of the letter."

Was the spirit, it was asked, in a form?

Ans.—Yes.

The enquirer asked in what kind of form?

Ans.—In the form of a spirit! They (the inhabitants of Jupiter) have progressed far beyond myself.

D. W.

Do you often visit other planets? said one.

Ans.—Yes.

A pause ensued, when it was written:—

"I must go. I am obliged to you, my friends, for your kind attention. I have derived benefit myself; and hope that you have, at least, been amused, if not instructed. Good night!

DANIEL WEBSTER."

Oct. 2.—At a circle this evening the following remarkable communication was made; purporting to come from the spirit of a sailor on board a New York pilot boat, which left the port fifteen years ago, and was not heard of afterwards.

Several persons were at the table pursuing their enquiries, and another, a sailor, sat apart as a looker on.

Suddenly the Medium became entranced, and turning to the sailor, called out in a rough voice, "Come here, Ike." The sailor complied, and took a seat near the medium, who, throwing one arm over his neck, continued: "Sit down—don't be afraid! I've wanted to talk, and I've wanted to tell all about how I sailed out of your world; but I never could get Jack (the medium) to consent to listen to me, and I come here to night to tell you.

"Well, ye see, we put out our last pilot on board the Aladdin; then we tied her up, and stood off to get an offing. Do you know—don't you remember what a night it was? We did not come together as some supposed we did, but went down; because ye see, Larry didn't handle her right: he brought her to in the wrong time, and she swamped and went down. Then leaving our wet clothes and bodies at the bottom, we woke up rigged in a new suit from stem to stern!

"I a'int made much headway yet; 'cause, ye see, I've been a-drifting round with one and another of the kind that I liked; and they was, generally, jist such spirits as I was a man—full of fun and the devil—not caring for to-morrow, as long as we had enough for to-day.

"Now, don't you understand me that I a'int happy; 'cause if I don't loom up as big, and keep in as smooth waters as some others, I'm happy!

"It's no fool of a job for a spirit, as you call us, to come up here, and talk without having somebody to draw them. I'm satisfied where I am. I don't see why men should be such thundering fools, when spirits rap and tumble about things, to believe that they a'int spirits. Why, we've got just as much of a body as any of you, and I can't see why you

can't see me. Now I a'nt in this body (meaning the medium's;) but there's an old codger standing by that has put a damper on the medium's outward part, and I shove in words and make him speak them, and he don't know what he says." [This last remark was given with a chuckle of delight, as if it was a capital joke.]

"Now, don't you believe any body, if they tell you that I a'int happy. I'm all right; and when I get ready, I'll top up my booms, and fill away for something better: I know I can have it.

"Now you go home, and tell your old man, that in less than six months he'll be here; Now you mind that."

On being asked to sign his name, the spirit said it would be of no use, as he was recognised; this the sailor who was present, confirmed.

The "old codger" referred to in the communication is supposed to be the spirit of George Fox, who appears to be the presiding spirit at Mr. Conklin's circles. The account of the loss of the pilot boat is the first one received.

The writer, a few evenings afterwards, was meditating alone on the future of the spirit, as determined by its life here, when his hand was gently moved to take a pencil, and the following was written:—

"You are right! The spirit state, hereafter, is pre-figured by its condition here. As here, so hereafter, the spirit's progress must commence with a desire to grow in knowledge, and in the love of wisdom, which is the application of knowledge. *Until a want is felt, there can be no striving after an end.* Some, like the poor sailor, (alluding to the preceding communication) are content, for a season, to live in thoughtless and careless ways; but sooner or later, unto them comes the call to arise and learn a better wisdom. To them, at last, their poor and aimless lives supply no longer the stimulating influence which confers pleasure; and they, too, listen to those who would tempt them onward to"—Here, the sentence was broken off,—the power controlling, or assisting to move the hand, failing.

LABOR *versus* DRUDGERY.

"Drudgery is one thing. True labor is another. No man has any right to be a drudge; no man was ever made for that. If true to himself, he cannot but be something more. The seeds of something more are in him. In his very nature there wait faculties to be unfolded, which he has no right whatever to neglect—faculties religious, moral, intellectual—in exercising which he lifts himself above the sense of want, above the power of fear, of fortune, or of death—feels his immortality—becomes himself what God intended him to be. In any kind of business or labor he can find sphere for the exercise of these his greatest faculties; if he cannot, he is bound to labor somewhere else. No one has a right to live merely to "get a living." And this is what is meant by drudgery; drudgery is not confined to the labor of the hands, nor to any one class of occupations. There are intellectual and fashionable drudges; and there are hard-working, humble laborers, more free, more dignified, and manly in all they do, or look, or think, than any who look down upon them. Some soil their hands with the earth; others soil their minds indelibly by the pride and vanity which keep their hands so delicate. The true man 'stoops to conquer.' The vain man wears his head aloft, while the rock is wasting from under his feet, and the glow of disinterested activity, the beauty on which he prides himself, fade from his face."—*Ideals of Every-day Life*.

PERCEPTION AND FEELING.

"There is a distinction between the sight of an object, and the delight thence derived; for it is possible that an object may be seen, and yet no delight may attend the sight. The case is similar in regard to intellectual sight, and the delight arising from it, of which sight truth is the object. For truth may be seen, and yet not delighted in, at least not delighted in because it is truth. This is a sure symptom that truth is not attended with the genuine love of truth, for it is the property of such genuine love to inspire delight in truth, whenever it is seen and perceived."—*Clowes*.

THE TWO ANGELS.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

"Two angels, one of Life and one of Death,
Passed o'er the village as the morning broke:
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath,
The sombre houses hearsed with plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same,
Alike their features and their robes of white:
But one was crowned with amaranth, as with flame;

And one with asphodels, like flames of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way;
Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed:

"Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray
The place where thy beloved are at rest!"

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,
Descending at my door, began to knock;
And my soul sank within me, as in wells
The waters sink beneath an earthquake's shock.

I recognized the nameless agony,
The terror, and the tremor, and the pain;
That oft before had filled and haunted me,
And now returned with threefold strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,
And listened, for I thought I heard God's voice:

And knowing whatsoe'er he sent was best,
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then, with a smile, that filled the house with light,

"My errand is not Death, but Life," he said:
And ere I answered, passing out of sight,
On his celestial embassy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend! and not at mine,
The angel with the amaranthine wreath
Pausing descended; and with voice divine,
Whispered a word that had a sound like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom;
A shadow on those features fair and thin;
And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,

Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God! If He but wave his hand
 The mists collect, the rain falls thick and
 loud;
 Till with a smile of light on sea and land,
 Lo! he looks back from the departing cloud.
 Angels of Life and Death alike are His;
 Without His leave they pass no threshold
 o'er:
 Who, then, would wish, or dare, believing this,
 Against His messengers to shut the door?"
 —*Putnam's Magazine for April 1854.*

From the London Athenæum.

MY PHILOSOPHY.

"Bright things can never die,
 E'en though they fade;
 Beauty and minstrelsy
 Deathless were made;
 What though the summer day
 Passes at eve away;
 Doth not the moon's soft ray
 Silence the night?
 Bright things can never die,
 Saith my philosophy;
 Phœbus, though he pass by,
 Leaves us the light.
 Kind words can never die,
 Cherished and blest;
 God knows how deep they lie
 Stored in the breast.
 Like childhood's simple rhymes
 Said o'er a thousand times,
 Aye, in all years and climes,
 Distant and near.—
 Kind words can never die,
 Saith my philosophy;
 Deep in the soul they lie,
 God knows how dear.
 Childhood can never die,—
 Wrecks of the past
 Float on the memory
 E'en to the last.
 Many a happy thing,
 Many a daisied spring,
 Flow, on Time's ceaseless wing,
 Far, far away;
 Childhood can never die,
 Saith my philosophy;
 Wrecks of our infancy,
 Live on for aye!

Sweet fancies never die,
 They leave behind
 Some fairy legacy
 Stored in the mind,—
 Some happy thought or dream,
 Pure as day's earliest beam,
 Kissing the gentle stream,
 In the lone glade.
 Yet, though these things pass by,
 Saith my philosophy,
 Bright things can never die,
 E'en though they fade."

A CHILD'S SMILE.

"For I say unto you—That in heaven their
 angels do always behold the face of my Father
 which is in heaven."

"A child's smile—nothing more:
 Quiet, and soft, and grave, and seldom seen;
 Like summer lightning o'er,
 Leaving the little face again serene.

I think, boy well-beloved,
 Thine angel, who did weep to see how far,
 Thy childhood is removed
 From sports that dear to other children are,—

On his pale cheek has thrown
 The brightness of his countenance, and made
 A peace most like his own;
 A beauty that we look on, half afraid:

Marvelling, will it say
 To manhood's prime, or will that angel fair,
 On some yet unknown day,
 Take the child-smile, and leave the wrinkle
 Care.

Nay, fear not. As is given
 To thee the father's look, found watching o'er:
 Thine angel, up in heaven
 Beholds Our Father's face for evermore.

Ah, may he help thee bear
 Thy burden as thy father helps thee now:
 That thou mayest come to wear
 That soft child-smile upon an old man's brow!"
 —*The Age.*

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